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The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

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Historical and Magazine Notes

Double Number. Price 25 cts.

The Bishop's House
Portland, Maine

Aug. 1, 1913.

Rev. dear Father:

His Holiness, Pope Pius X, Bishop of Rome, is by right Divine the Visible Head of the Christian Church, the Vicar of Christ on earth, the Good Shepherd who seeks to feed the lambs and sheep of the fold and to bring back into the one true fold any and all who have strayed away.

What a sublime role, purpose, passion and vocation! "Simon Peter, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Love of our Lord and love for the sheep. Such is the clear, strong passion urging on the great Pontiff, Pope Pius X, who has given forth his purpose in all that he writes, says and does, "to restore all things in Christ."

To carry out this Divine mission, liberty in its highest sense and Independence of the Holy See have always been required, and ought to be lovingly admitted as a right by all Nations that value the things of God and the blessings of Christianity above worldly gain or passing glory.

The growing needs of the Holy Father are evident to all who have seen or know the true conditions surrounding the Throne of Peter in its relations with some of the Nations of Europe which received from Rome and the Roman Pontiffs the first seeds of all that is noblest and best in their Christian civilization, and are now showing the deepest ingratitude.

The efforts of Anti-Christ to reign are always apparent under one or other form of anarchy, socialism, modernism eclecticism and neo-Christianity, and well may the Holy Father cry out with the Royal Psalmist: "Why have the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things," . . . and he may also add: "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them and the Lord shall deride them."

We know that all these modern efforts to dethrone Christ and His Vicar on earth are in vain and will come to naught, and the Holy Father looks to his faithful Catholics of America to sustain him in his works. He honors our country for its true liberty of worship and whole-souled generosity.

The Most Reverend Archbishops of the Church in the United States, at their annual meeting, strongly urged and we earnestly recommend, as a special mark of affection to the Holy Father, a personal contribution from each priest and each Religious Community of the Diocese, so that Bishop, priests, religious and people may show in a fitting way their great Catholic faith, love and loyalty for the Holy See in the person of the happily reigning Pontiff, His Holiness Pope Pius X.

All the children in the Diocese should be trained to the practice of giving their own little offering for such a worthy purpose.

His Excellency, Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate and the personal representative of the Holy Father in the United States, has graciously consented to preside at the Ter-Centenary festivities at Bar Harbor, will officiate at the Solemn Pontifical Mass for the dedication of the new Church of the Holy Redeemer on August 6, and will give the Apostolic Blessing in the Cathedral at Portland on the following Sunday, August 10, after the High Mass.

This great favor to the Diocese will be gratefully appreciated by all the faithful.

Please to read this letter at all the Masses on Sunday, August 10, and announce the annual collection for the Holy Father, to be taken up by the priests on the following Sunday, August 17.

The collection for the Holy See for the year 1912 was $4,264.97.

Please to send the collection to the Chancery Office not later than August 24 and to faithfully observe the Diocesan rules in regard to Peter's Pence.

With all Apostolic Blessings,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

JULY.

Chronology of the Month.

1st. Visit to Indian Island, Oldtown. Conference with the Sister Superior and with the Governor of the Indians. Visit to Orono and Oldtown.

2nd. Visit to Waterville, Notre Dame Chapel, and to the Sisters of Charity Hospital.

3rd. Lewiston, St. Joseph's Church, Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for Mrs. Catherine O'Donnell, age 89, the oldest Catholic in Lewiston and one of the pioneers, in whose home Bishop Bacon was accustomed to receive hospitality on his first Pastoral Visits, before the St. Joseph Parish was established.

4th. The Right Reverend Bishop offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Cathedral, for the safeguarding of our Country's liberty and prosperity.

6th. Sunday. Confirmation at St. Peter's Chapel (for Italians), Portland, at 11 A. M.

Corner Stone of the new Holy Cross Chapel, at South Portland, blessed by the Right Reverend Bishop, who also gave a short instruction, 4.30 P. M.

7th. Examination of Candidates for the Seminary at the Catholic Institute in Portland.

12th. His Excellency Governor Haines appointed the Rev. Thomas J. Nelligan of Augusta a member of the new "STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION" having supervising powers over all State-controlled or State-aided institutions not educational.

14th. Meeting of the chief Committee of the Maine Catholic Historical Society, at the Bishop's House, on matters connected with the Ter-Centenary festivities.

16th. Visit of the Bishop to Bangor, thence to Bar Harbor to arrange details of the Ter-Centenary celebration.

17th. All important points relative to Bar Harbor festivities satisfactorily arranged.

18th. Visit to Waterville. Conference with the three Pastors of the city.

First number of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine appeared under the auspices of the Right Reverend Bishop and the Maine Catholic Historical Society.

19th. A new property in Orono purchased for St. Mary's Parish, Orono, and for Diocesan purposes.

20th. Sunday. Confirmation in the Naval Prison in the Navy Yard at Kittery, 3 P. M., and in a hall in the town of Kittery at 4 P. M.

21st. Mr. and Mrs. Edward de V. Morell of Philadelphia make a gift of a new Convent property at Bar Harbor, valued at $10,000. This gift in honor of the Ter-Centenary of the Catholic Church.

27th. Sunday. In the Cathedral at Portland the Right Reverend Bishop explained the purpose of the Universal Jubilee and the spirit of the Ter-Centenary of the Catholic Church in Maine.

31st. Thursday. The Sisters of Mercy take possession of the Convent property at Bar Harbor.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,
PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 1, 1913.

Rev. dear Father:

The Annual Retreat for the Priests of the Diocese of Portland will take place at the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island, and the Hotel will be exclusively for the Priests after the close of the season. The Retreat will open on Monday, Sept. 15, at 7.30 P. M. and close on Friday, Sept. 19, at 11 A. M.

The selection of Priests for the Retreat has been made so as to provide, as far as possible, for the spiritual needs of the Diocese, during the time of the exercises; hence one or more Priests in each locality will minister to all the faithful of that locality. Each Pastor should notify the people where a Priest may be reached, in case of urgent need.

All are to attend the Retreat unless written exemption is granted by the Ordinary of the Diocese. Each Priest will please bring a cassock, surplice and biretta; also copies of the Missal and Ritual containing the Rubrics, and the Diocesan Statutes.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

LIST FOR ANNUAL RETREAT, 1913.

McDonough, Rt. Rev. M. C., P. A., V. G.

Trudel, Rt. Rev. F. X.
Hurley, Rt. Rev. E. F.
Collins, Very Rev. C. W.
Ahern, Rev. J. J.
Bardin, Rev. V.
Beaudin, Rev. L. G.
Bergeron, Rev. L.
Bergeron, Rev. N.
Bergeron, Rev. T.
Boivin, Rev. P. E.
Bourbeau, Rev. R.
Boyle, Rev. J. F.
Butler, Rev. T. F., P. R.
Carey, Rev. J. A.
Casavant, Rev. J. O.
Charland, Rev. N.
Chatagnon, Rev. J. M.
Clary, Rev. M. A.
Coholan, Rev. F. M.
Culbert, Rev. W. J.
Curran, Rev. M. E.
Decary, Rev. A. M.
Decary, Rev. Z. B.
Desilets, Rev. J. N.
Desjardins, Rev. P. E.
Drain, Rev. M. F.
Driscoll, Rev. J. A.
Drolet, Rev. J.
Dugrè, Rev. A.
Dupont, Rev. P. E.
Farley, Rev. J. A.
Finn, Rev. J. J.
Fitzpatrick, Rev. E. F.
Flanagan, Rev. P. F.
Forest, Rev. J.
Forest, Rev. G. A.
Forest, Rev. R.
Garrity, Rev. P. J., P. R.
Gauthier, Rev. E.
Gorman, Rev. J. P.
Gory, Rev. H.
Hamakers, Rev. H. H.
Hamel, Rev. A. A., P. R.
Harrington, Rev. J. M.
Hayes, Rev. J. A.
Hayes, Rev. P. A.
Henry, Rev. E. B.
Hogan, Rev. J. F.
Horan, Rev. N. J.
Houlihan, Rev. T. H.
Huot, Rev. L. E.
Karpe, Rev. F. A.
Kenealy, Rev. M. J.
Laflamme, Rev. J. A.
LaRivière, Rev. A. C.
Laventure, Rev. L. A.
Laverdière, Rev. J. A.
Lee, Rev. R. F.
LeGuennec, Rev. J. M.
Linehan, Rev. T. P., P. R.
Lynch, Rev. E.
Mahoney, Rev. T. John.
Mahoney, Rev. T. Joseph.
Martin, Rev. D.
McCabe, Rev. D. A.
McCarthy, Rev. J., P. R.
McGill, Rev. H. J.
Moriarty, Rev. T. H.
Murnane, Rev. E.
Nelligan, Rev. J. F.
Nelligan, Rev. J. P.
O'Brien, Rev. D. J.
O'Brien, Rev. J. D.
O'Brien, Rev. J. P.
O'Connor, Rev. M. F.
O'Dowd, Rev. John.
O'Dowd, Rev. T. J.
Orieux, Rev. J.
O'Sullivan, Rev. C.
Pelletier, Rev. A.
Phelan, Rev. R. W.
Pihan, Rev. I.

Power, Rev. J. W.
Quinn, Rev. J. D.
Reardon, Rev. P. H.
Reilly, Rev. M. W.
Renaud, Rev. J. L.
Santagnello, Rev. A.
Sekenger, Rev. J. B.
Shea, Rev. C. F.
Silke, Rev. P. M.
Tranchemontagne, Rev. J.
Von Bührer, Rev. P.

Sermon on the Ter-Centenary of Catholic Church in Maine.

Bar Harbor, Maine,

Wednesday, August 6, 1913.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER

By Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Portland.

"Peter hath planted, Apollo hath watered, God however it is, who giveth the increase."

Three hundred years ago today, on a sloping hillside, almost within the shadow of this Church, a group of some thirty persons knelt in a rude Chapel around a Cross and Altar, and praised the Lord in the Holy Sacrifice of Thanksgiving or Holy Mass.

If asked the name of the settlement, colony and mission, they would have replied: "Saint Sauveur," "Holy Redeemer." They were all Frenchmen, with groups of Indians nearby, and four black robed Jesuits in their midst.

That scene of 1613 is the reason and motive of our gathering here to-day. Let us go then in spirit to that sacred spot and hour, look closely into the faces and hearts of that Group, catch their spirit and inspiration, tell the story of a beautiful ideal, which was quickly destroyed, then pass by the important milestones of the three hundred years, and praise God for all, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tui da gloriam." "Not to us O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name, give glory."

The group of three Jesuit Fathers, one Jesuit lay brother and a few laymen came to bring the "Holy Redeemer" "to the nation that was sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, to direct its feet in the way of peace," illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent, ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis.

To France rightfully belongs the honor, that chivalry and Apostolic zeal merit, for her great, heroic deeds along this coast three or four hundred years ago.

From 1504 to 1604 the brave fishermen of Brittany and Normandy came regularly for the catch of fish and its gold. Once in a while an adventurous knight, visionary or mariner, as Verazzano, Cartier, sailing under the Royal flag of the Bourbons, admired these rocky headlands and sought the far-famed river, that would bear them to Cathay or China Sea.

If, as we believe, Norumbega be or includes Penobscot Bay, it is reasonable to say that the Cross and the priest came at times with the hardy Norseman and sanctified these shores. Indeed, we may stretch our horizon farther into the past and hope that same ray of light may yet trace the footsteps of the picturesque St. Brendan along the cliffs or among the island of Casco and Penobscot Bays.

The poetic vision would find ample sweep in all these historic hints, but when we reach the year 1604 we behold the majestic figure of Champlain, true knight of the Cross and the lily, gazing over the very spot, where we are now assembled, and hoping, praying that the two emblems of Christianity and Royal France should be equally in honor and mutually protective.

"I was addicted to the sea in my early years and through my whole life; I have met its perils on the ocean and on the coast of New France, with the hope of seeing the lily of France able to protect there the Holy, Catholic religion." Thus wrote Champlain in later years, and as the critical historian, Justin Winsor of Harvard College, adds to these words: "As an historical character, Champlain indubitably stands as the champion of the Roman Church."

He gave the name to this island, "the island of the barren mountains" which has become the "Island of Mt. Desert," we love therefore to follow his little ship, his many landings, and to restore the names he gave to many beauty spots along the New England shore from St. Croix River to Cape Cod.

Yet even this great discoverer and Apostle was not free to carry out his ideals of the Cross and the lily.

All the first missionary efforts from 1603 to 1610 were a part of a commercial or patriotic idea, in which French Huguenot and French Catholic were used or were submerged by the commercialism of the warrior King Henry IV, or by the merchant adventurers, who were seeking glory for country, furs and gold for themselves, while the present and blessings of the Church were acceptable, if only subservient to the other dominant ambition.

The passion for conquest and for the spread of the Christian religion had fired the French Royal throne, yet when Henry of Navarre by right of blood was given the sceptre of the great

King, St. Louis, he was obliged to bend the knee before the Altar and the Cross in Notre Dame of Paris, if he would have the homage and kingship from the people.

When he issued the famous Edict of Nantes, April 13, 1598, giving toleration or freedom to all the supposed forms of reformed Christianity, he, no doubt, honestly imagined himself another Constantine the Great, proclaiming peace to his Empire, but he soon learned that there was no Sacramental grace in such a decree to harmonize the heart of Catholic with the mind of a Huguenot, or Huguenot aspirations with Catholic ideals, hence all the first efforts of France on this shore ended in total failure. A Calvinist leader and Lord was master of the situation, and would soften, sometimes destroy the ardor of the missionary, whose Catholic soul was militant only or chiefly to bring the tidings of peace to the Indian children of the vast wilderness in Acadia and all America. Hence when De Monts and Potrincourt, holding the title to the land, were asked to permit Jesuit Fathers to join in the work, they naturally enough refused or obstructed all such offers, and effectively blocked their plans.

Then the power of women and of one woman was seen. A lady of the Court, noble, wealthy, devout, friend of the King's mother Marie de Medici, conquered the queenly heart and royal mind to carry out her vision of the Cross, sanctifying the forest of America and winning Indian souls. It was Madame De Guercheville, who merits a high place in our Roll of Honor. This heroine, another Isabella in spirit, if not power, secured the rights of part ownership in the grants of land, became a partner with the Huguenots, and was directing the preparations, when one of those tragic events occurred in Paris, to close one epoch, and open a new pathway, or, at least, to change the direction and grade of the historic highway. King Henry IV was assassinated in Paris on May 14, 1610 and the Queen Mother, Marie de Medici, was Regent until 1614.

The movement, already started by Madame de Guercheville, was maintained and, from the very first appeal made for volunteer missionaries, the response was magnanimous.

Acquaviva, General of the Jesuits at Rome, Balthasar, the Provincial at Paris, Father Coton, Court Chaplain and Confessor to the King, all lent their aid and out of the many willing Apostles two were chosen, Father Biard, of Lyons, and Father Euemond Massé of Grenoble.

They saw two years wasted by Calvinistic opposition, but at last in January 1611, set out from France, the first Jesuits sent to this great Continent of North America—and arrived in May at Port Royal, the only settlement then existing.

They at once began their labors on a systematic plan, and just as quickly met opposition and attack—Father Biard had

been a Professor of Theology at Lyons and Father Massé was evidently a practical administrator. During that year, about October, Father Biard went with the patron to explore the coast of Acadia and Norumbega, given in the grant of the King, and extending as far as the present State of Pennsylvania, 39th parallel. They reached the Kennebec river, went up some distance, perhaps as far as the present Bath or Gardiner, and returned. Father Biard relates in his own official letter that he went to an island, about nine miles from the mouth of the river and there offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass probably on November 1, All Saints Day, 1611, and then immediately went back to Port Royal, to spend a winter of great misery, constant annoyance and no apparent fruits.

In January, 1612, there came a new character on the scene at Port Royal, a lay Jesuit Brother, Gilbert du Thet, perhaps even more zealous, hence less discreet, than his two learned and diplomatic Fathers, and overflowing with ardor.

Peace there was not and could not be, for the active head, Potrincourt, and his son, equally ardent Calvinists, disliked the Jesuits, balked their every attempt at right methods of converting the Indians and wasted the energies of the colonists in vain disputes over the spoils of the Indian trade. The Jesuits must be thwarted and destroyed, was the dictum of the Calvinist leader, hence the scheme of blackmail was concocted by one whom the historian calls a "Slanderer and Factionist," the book or statement was sent to France and seems to have been aimed in a special way at the lowly Brother du Thet, ardent and brave. Back to France he also went, told the story of the mission at Port Royal, founded upon deceit and commercial graft, opened wide the eyes of the great Patroness, Madame de Guercheville, who then declared in her righteous indignation: "We will solve the problem, buy out all the rights and get all new rights required, and start a real Catholic colony, where everything shall be subservient to the one ideal: the greater glory of God, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam."

It was done almost as easily as said, and thus the first colony of Catholic pilgrims sailed from Honfleur, on the wonderful little Caravel of 100 tons, named the Jonas, on March 21, 1613, to found an entirely new colony and mission at Pentagoet, somewhere along the Penobscot river. Brother du Thet was the manager and treasurer in preparing this missionary work and as he stood upon the deck at the departure, "in presence of the whole crew he raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, praying God that he might never again return to France, but die working for the conquest of souls and the salvation of the Indians." It was the prayer of a Confessor or Martyr, worthy of noblest France.

A fourth Jesuit, Father James Quentin came on the same vessel. These men, with the thirty or more companions, set out on the boisterous Atlantic with the feeling that God was on the prow and at the helm, so simple was their faith, so absolutely truthful were they to Divine Providence, who governs the winds and waves.

"Thou hast ordered all things in measure and number and weight, for the whole world before Thee is as the least grain in the balance."

"The dispositions of Divine Providence are truly arranged by compass, joined harmoniously and measured by weight and balance even to the half of a grain."

Such was their language, such their heart, such their courage, sublime and Divine.

Two months were passed in tossing upon the March and April waves and about May 16, Ascension-Thursday, they reached Port Royal, took aboard Father Biard and Father Massé, and sailed South for Pentagoet. The fog and the tide have often been great factors in changing human plans, and on this occasion they played the chief part, for just when it seemed impossible to go in any direction without danger of ship wreck and while the good Jesuits were in prayer, the fog lifted and before them was the great Bay we cross to reach this Island, now known as Frenchman's Bay.

It was during the last week of May, 1613, and the first landing place must have been close to our present site, "towards the east end of the island," says the narrative. They placed a Cross, erected an Altar and then for the first time, as far as known, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered on this, the Queen of all the islands on the coast of Maine or North Atlantic.

Father Biard, perhaps, had been here two years before on his journey to the Kennebec, but, in any case, he soon noticed the smoke of an Indian camp some miles away and was induced to go and visit a sick Indian. That is just about the distance across the island, and the Indian Sagamore implored him to make a home among them, better site by far, he said, than at Pentagoet or at Kadesquit. The proposal seemed wise to all present, was approved by the Colonists, thus the sloping hillside, greensward and pebbly beach at the entrance to what is now Somes Sound, became, according to all trustworthy writers and historical critics, the sacred spot of the first mission, that was established on New England soil within the State of Maine, and organized to be a permanent colony and mission, Catholic in name, Catholic in spirit, Catholic in aspirations, Catholic in all things, the dream of Champlain, the vision of Madame de Guercheville, the ambition of the Sons of St. Ignatius of Loyola—"St. Sauveur, 'Holy Redeemer'" on the Isle of Mt. Desert.

The reason for the name is not entirely clear. Like San Salvador of Columbus, it may have been the star or title of the epoch, as the present happy motto of the Holy Father, "Restore all things in Christ." It may have been the favorite title or parish title of some important person connected with the enterprise. It may have been because of the Ascension of the Holy Redeemer, the day on which the Jonas sighted land. But whatever the reason, most striking and appropriate it surely must be considered at that time as it is to-day.

The story of all the missions under Catholic auspices must read very much the same, the hamlet, the cross, the rude chapel and Altar as center of all the life from early morn to evening song,—the lights, the bell, the little statues, the rosary beads, the Holy Mass above all else, the very fountain source of Faith, Hope and Charity.

From May to September, 1613, that little slope of land was the only spot in all New England where the black-robed Jesuit, the white men from France and the Indians formed a Christian family and were the Catholic Church in and of New England, aye more, the only Catholic Church in all the North American continent, excepting, perhaps, Florida, Mexico and California, for at this time there was no settlement at Quebec, Montreal, on the Lakes or in the Mississippi valley, and no priest had as yet blessed the St. Lawrence, or offered the Holy Sacrifice on its shores, where Quebec and Montreal (Hochelaga) were mere trading posts. Catechism, baptism, visiting the sick, instructing with patience the red men, women and children, such was no doubt the daily routine. Labor of all kinds was always in honor and blessed, and the native Indian, who would not work, would not be allowed to pray or to be baptized.

It was this strict regime at St. Croix and Port Royal, that alone could bring the respect, reverence, faith and confidence that form the base of all true conversion to the lessons of the Cross and the worship at the Altar.

How interesting and edifying truly it would be to read the simple narrative from the original, authentic sources in the two volumes of the Jesuit Relations, but this is not the time and place to rehearse all the details. If I interpret the minds and hearts of the St. Sauveur or Holy Redeemer colonists it would be a picture of high hopes and bright prospects—the Indians coming by river and sea to the sheltered sound, hearing the word of God and bearing the message back to the scattered groups along the rivers and through the forests, for Maine was then one seemingly boundless forest and wilderness, as Father Biard wrote, the only highways were the inlets, the only carriage was the fragile canoe, the only and determined enemy, Satan, using the cowardly sword of blackmail.

The friendship thus developed in a short time between Jesuit, Frenchman and Indian is a beautiful story, let me quote it in the very words of the eye witness and Apostle. "It is a great result that the French have won the confidence and friendliness of the Savages, through the great familiarity and frequent intercourse with them. This confidence and intimacy is already so great that we live among them with less fear than in Paris—Is it a small thing to have such a foundation of Justice in our colony and this, so sure, pledge of success? Other nations, as England and Dutch (Hollanders) have not been recipients of such friendship." Furthermore the Jesuits have catechized them through eyes and ears. In our processions we had little children march before the Cross and perform some service, as carrying the lights, etc. We have composed our Catechism in the Savage language and had begun to be able to talk some kind of a jargon with the cateschumens. We were founding a new and pleasant colony, it was our Autumn, our time of harvest—And lo, at this moment, the one who is jealous of all good and particularly of human salvation, came and wickedly setting fire to all our work, bore us away from the field. May the victorious Jesus, with His powerful hand and invincible wisdom, confound him.

To confirm all this by testimony, not possible to surpass, let me quote the great American historian Bancroft: "the conversion of the heathen was the motive of the settlement, the natives venerated Biard as a messenger from Heaven, and under the summer sky, around a cross in the centre of the hamlet, Matins and Vespers were regularly chanted. France and the Roman religion had appropriated the soil of Maine."

What a glory to-day, if we had one continuous, harmonious, beautiful, golden, historic chain of three hundred links binding that mission of 1613 to our glorious festival of 1913, that first Holy Mass to our Solemn Pontifical Sacrifice!

Such, however, is not the way of the world, such is not often the Divine plan in the exaltation of Holy Mother Church, such is not the historic fact.

In the hour of hope and sunshine, the mission of the Most Holy Redeemer, St. Sauveur, was quickly, totally, brutally destroyed.

On a bright September day, about four months after its auspicious beginning, while the fathers, colonists and Indians were at work, some on ship at anchor, the greater number on shore, a vessel came sailing on fast and straight at them.

Was it a friend from far away France or an enemy? Soon the red flag and pointed guns told their story, and stirred the French hearts to fury and fear. It was the fiery red cross of England and her corsairs from Virginia, who had come perhaps for fish and commerce, but also with standing orders to sweep

the colors of France from the ocean, and especially from the land that was claimed by Albion from Florida to New Foundland.

The quiet gave way to confusion at St. Sauveur, the attack was sudden, well planned, and violent, hence the unprepared religious family was no match for the determined, bitter, organized foe. Many a time did the wise Fathers warn the colonists to put their houses in order and build forts to hold off any oncoming foe, but in vain, for who, said they, would come there to molest a peaceful band of men, solely intent on doing good to the heathen of the forest and stream?

Alas! Alas! The vicissitudes of missionary plans are only too well known, and Fr. Biard, in one of a few outbursts of righteous indignation cried out: "My God, how easily we Frenchmen make plans in Paris with our heads down and eyes shut."

The hour and plan were well chosen by the English. The French captain, de Saussaye, made a bold attempt to oppose cannon to cannon, and the intrepid lay Jesuit brother du Thet, on the vessel, fired the only gun the French ship held, but he missed aim or was not expert, hence only lost the ammunition and a return volley from the English laid him dying on the deck. It was all and soon over, and the "fleur de lys" of idealistic France was lowered to the Red Cross of haughty, conquering England under James I.

Several of the French were slain, some were drowned in an attempt to escape, the Jesuit brother du Thet was carried ashore, manifested great resignation and devotion, and on the following day expired in the arms of Fr. Biard, who buried him on the green slope, under a cross to mark his grave. His hope, prayer, ambition expressed so openly as the vessel started from Honfleur had been fulfilled. Was he a martyr? We hope so for our dear old Pine Tree State! Many think so, Holy Mother Church, in her own sweet way and happy hour, will decide that delicate point.

There are two other equally important questions, why such a conflict and what became of the Jesuit Fathers and colonists? Why such a conflict on these shores and in this vast wilderness? Who, of Christian, Catholic faith, can read the pages of the 17th century without a bleeding heart, when he sees how the Church, her missions and her Divine mission in the world were thwarted, stifled, paralyzed by the inane and insane selfishness of kings and commercial adventurers? This is a typical case. English and French laid claim to all the Atlantic seaboard, basing claims upon scraps of paper, fought for a few feet more of land and water on a continent of boundless limits, while the bodies and souls of the poor Indians were targets between the cannon of both.

The mutual hatreds, engendered during the 16th century in Europe were all imported to this land of America, and whatever may be the final designs of God for our country, the trail of Satan is all over the pathways opened up, blessed and sanctified by the Confessors and Martyrs of the faith.

There was a time, of happy memory, when the brave Richard Coeur de Lion, England's proud leader, and Godfrey de Bouillon, hero of royal France, each with hosts of followers, marched across Europe to the same martial airs and Christian songs, when the red flag of Albion and the white banner of France waved side by side and both were borne triumphantly to the walls of Jerusalem to free the Cross of Christ from the tyranny of Mohammed and to restore Calvary to its Christian Catholic defenders, when the word Christian had only one meaning in Royal France and Royal England, and whatever other variations or hostilities might exist, their united ambition was to exalt the Cross and attract the heathen to bow head and heart to that symbol of Divine power, wisdom, mercy and love.

At St. Sauveur it was all different and the volleys that brought death to the Jesuit missionary and mission were rather of hatred and violent opposition to the very cross that formerly made them one in heart and mind.

Perish now the poor heathen Indian, but humble the flag of the Bourbon king and drive it from these shores!

Alas, alas, it is only too true and too sad!

The rest of the story is soon told.

The French colonists surrendered, were captured to be at the disposal of their English foes, who had come all the way from Virginia to Acadia and must now return with the spoils.

The few dead were buried with the rites of the Church, and a rude cross was erected over each grave.

The others were placed in boats to follow orders, but the winds and waves of September gales became commanders to overpower even England's cavalier pirates.

Fr. Massé was exposed in a small open boat, but was soon picked up by a French trading vessel and reached France.

Fr. Biard and Quentin were taken to Virginia, barely escaped hanging and shooting, so commonly used against the Jesuits of that time, and were soon brought back, though in vain, to show the way to all the French settlements of Acadia, now marked for utter destruction. Argall, again in command, brutally started to wipe out every vestige of French colonies. Into the peaceful cove of Mt. Desert Island he again sailed, knocked down all the crosses that marked the graves, so that no newcomers would know that a Christian Catholic colony had once been there, aye, to show utter contempt for the Cross of Christ, ordered one of the mutinous sailors or soldiers to be hanged

upon the spot, thus to change the sacred soil into an infamous land, and perhaps t'were well that Satan thus prompted his willing slaves to do his unholy will.

From St. Sauveur on to St. Croix and Port Royal went the Virginia corsairs and when all had been taken away or burned to the ground in each place, they sailed away for Jamestown harbor, but never reached that haven. The winter storms of December and January separated the vessels, drove them on over the ocean, forced them to put in at the Azores, then back to the shores of Wales. Death from storm or famine or robbers seemed to threaten the Jesuits at every new turn of the winds, until, on the inhospitable shore of Wales, they, as Jesuits, came under the Act of Treason and were doomed to the scaffold. Their captors were, however, softened, allowed them to be taken by sea again to Plymouth in England, thence to Calais, and finally, after nine months of suffering by sea and on land they were brought to their College home at Amiens in France, whence Fr. Biard penned the wonderful narrative, from which I have drawn the threads of my story. Truly indeed could he, with his brethren say in the words of St. Paul: "In journeying often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren," I may glory.

Fr. Quentin disappears from American history and died in the year 1647, age 75, and was buried in France.

Fr. Massé returned to his beloved New France, labored with his quiet zeal and energy until 1646 and then was laid to rest at Sillery, near Quebec—age 72.

Fr. Biard, the genius, Apostle, and Confessor also remained in France and died in the great city of the Popes, Avignon, in 1622, at the age of 55.

The ashes of brother du Thet are mingled with the soil of the fertile green slope on Somes Sound.

We bring them back in spirit to-day, place a laurel wreath upon the brow of each and evergreen upon their graves, we exalt the names of the great four Apostles and Confessors, and pray that their spirit may rest on our shores, in our forests, along our rivers, and especially in the hearts of our people and priests forever.

Thus abruptly ended the great dream of noble minds. St. Sauveur became again a part of the vast wilderness, the red men came often to the spot, told the story of their chief and great Father Biard, awaited the return of the black-robe and handed down the tradition. Silence reigned on the gentle slope and the waves twice each day sang their mournful requiem over the grave of the humble brother. All was over at St. Sauveur.

Ah! No. The Cross and Altar had marked, sanctified, consecrated the sacred ground.

There must be a kind of grace in all such simple planting or placing of a Cross, not of course sacramental, yet not entirely unlike the mark or character of Baptism or Confirmation, that ever claims its royalty on the head or brow, that has once received it, so the Cross ever holds sacred the ground, over which it has once cast a shadow.

All was over—Ah! No. God is just and the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

One century passed by, and when 1713 came into view, the struggle was still going on fiercely for the possession of that great Acadia, Norumbega, Maine, and the black-robe was still camping with the Indian by the Penobscot and along the Kennebec, teaching him the same Gospel story and attaching him to the Cross and the lily, but the colonists were few indeed to risk their lives for the souls of the Indians.

Another century rolled away, France had lost all title to her vast wilderness, the English had been driven back from the rivers and away from the shores, another flag was floating over Maine, and the memory of the historic spot and mission seemed about to fade away or be covered with dust in unkind historic archives.

It was only a passing incident of the lovely and lonely island of Mt. Desert.

It would be interesting here to go back and stop at the many milestones of our Catholic, historic pathway during the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, especially of the last hundred years, but even to mention them would take long hours, hence let me take up at once the closing chapter of my story.

God is good, and when some forty years ago a few wealthy people sought the air and cliff, woodland and ocean view that make Mt. Desert the Queen island of all the Atlantic shore, the Cross and the Altar came with the wealth and society, with the Irish emigrant girl and man, who would follow their family only on condition that Mass on Sunday should be their right and honor.

The picturesque little Chapel of St. Sylvia was the fruit of the faith, zeal and generosity of all classes, working together under a priest, whose mild answers turned away all wrath and broke down many barriers. It seemed a great undertaking, yet the record, made by the late Bishop Healy at its dedication, shows already the spirit of Bar Harbor.

Extract from official record.

"1882, August 13, Sunday. On this day dedicated the new Church under the invocation of St. Sylvia, the Holy Redeemer (St. Sauveur) beings its first title. The land for the Church was given by Mr. de Grasse Fox of Philadelphia. The money

was principally collected by Dr. Haskett Derby of Boston and a Miss Brady of Philadelphia. The plan was given by Emerson, architect, of Boston. The Church has cost $2600, the vestments about $100. The total debt now only $250. The Church was dedicated under the invocation at the request of Mr. Fox. At the dedication in Bar Harbor were present Rev. Thomas F. Butler, the missionary of the place, stationed at Ellsworth, Rev. Edward McSweeney of Bangor, Rev. John Canning of Machias, Rev. Thomas Wallace of Lewiston, Rev. F. X. Bourier of Salmon Falls, Rev. T. P. Linehan of the Cathedral in Portland.

With the Cross and the Altar came back the study of all the past events, traditions, legends of the Island, and thus the story of its ancient glory brought out a perspective more and more enchanting to the soul of the Catholic, faithful, priest and Bishop.

The third century of that first mission was approaching, and no longer did the little Chapel suffice for the people or suit the exalted worship of the Living God. To provide for the latter and worthily commemorate the great deeds of three hundred years ago, a vision was required with faith, zeal, generosity and sacrifice, different in kind from the dream of 1613, but no less supernatural in spirit and motive in the hearts of priest and people. The vigor, fervor and untiring courage of the second Pastor set the faith and generosity of the people in motion.

God is good and thus we are assembled to-day in a Temple, not too unworthy of His Majesty and Holiness to offer our Holy Sacrifice of Thanksgiving to God, to recall the deeds of heroic Confessors and to proclaim to the world the Holy Trinity, the Holy Redeemer and the Holy Catholic Church.

May we not then to-day look up with a certain subdued, let me say, righteous pride and see the vision of Champlain, the noble purpose of Madame de Guercheville, the enduring ambition of Loyola's sons at last and here fulfilled in this crowning dedication and festive commemoration. Three Catholic Churches now adorn this Island, one in honor of "St. Ignatius" at Northeast Harbor, one under the title of "The Holy Family" at Seal Harbor, and this Mother Basilica, in a sense, to bring back all the memories of Fr. Biard and the first Catholic settlement and mission in this northern part of the Continent.

All was destroyed, and all is now restored, better one hundred fold in grandeur and power.

The Cavalier of Jamestown has passed away and no monument will rise here to King James I or Argal for their deeds of woe or war; the religion of the Cavalier has gone, it was founded upon a King or Queen as supreme head, and held together only by parliamentary Acts of Treason with death to all

opponents, hence could not flourish on this shore. The Calvinist or Puritan, who came after and even more bitter against Indian and Catholic, has not indeed passed, his influence social, literary and financial has been felt in waves over all the land of America and gone abroad to other shores, and well may he be proud of that, but his religion is only a memory to be classified hereafter with the strata of N. England soil. It could not be otherwise, for the religion arose in the fertile brain of a perverted Frenchman, John Calvin, was built upon the atrocious doctrine of total human depravity, hence annihilation of free-will, God's noblest natural gift to man, and needed for its propaganda the iron hand and sword of steel more even than the royal supremacy of the Cavalier. The cloak of freedom of conscience for himself could not long conceal the vicious heart pulse, and the natural ozone of the New England sea, shore and forest must in time have destroyed such germs and did so.

All was destroyed, all has changed. Yet no, the same waves of the ocean, God's creation, gently break on the pebbly beech, or drive in fury against the enduring rocky headlands, laughing and frowning upon the puny monuments of human genius that can weather neither time nor storm.

All is destroyed. No, the same holy Mother Church, that knelt first on this great land and island, that erected the Cross and Altar in the first St. Sauveur Chapel is here also to-day, more venerable by three hundred years, yet young and beautiful as she ever was and will be.

The holy water, the pictures, the statues, the rosary beads, the lights, the bell, the Altar, Crucifix and Tabernacle, the Eucharistic King, all, all are here as they were three hundred years ago, edicts of King and Emperor to the contrary notwithstanding.

The black-robed Jesuit is here, wearing the same costume that adorned Fr. Biard, teaching the same doctrine as he to the Indian of the forest or king upon the throne.

France is here and her priestly sons have taken part in this ceremony, personifying here as elsewhere the zeal and generosity worthy of the glorious past of the eldest daughter of the Church.

The Indians are here, costumed as of old, lineal descendants of the tribes, that welcomed the Jesuit missionaries in 1613, and when we realize that the chant and procession to honor the Blessed Sacrament have been faithfully maintained in all five reservations of Maine, we feel that the first Apostles have blessed their Indian children during these three centuries.

The other nations have come in quick succession and have made and are making an heroic story, each under the Cross and Altar. Ireland, Canada, England, Italy, Poland, Austria, all

have sent their children beyond the most enthusiastic imagination of the wisest prophet, all under the new flag of the United States, liberty-loving Republic, where liberty is idolized, and law must be respected to safeguard that great dream of humanity.

The Cross and the Altar of Holy Mother Church alone can make them and keep them free, uniting and exalting all.

Catholic and non-Catholic are here, and let me say it with grateful heart to our non-Catholic friends and benefactors, yours has been a large, generous, cheerful part in the upbuilding of this Temple, Altar, Cross.

The black-robed Sisters of Mercy are here, just arrived, through the generous gift of a fine Convent from a family identified with all the highest interest of Bar Harbor, and the exaltation of the Church, and whose glory is to go about doing good.

The priests are here from all over the State, and some from afar, varied in race and tongue, one in Catholic mind and priestly aims.

The Bishops are here from every State in New England, and some from afar to show how the true Apostles of Mother Church place the glory of the Church above all distinctions of race and clime and tongue.

Above all the Holy Father is here, Supreme White Shepherd of Rome, and Christendom, in the person of His august representative, to bless us all and to sanctify this day. Your Excellency was willing to sacrifice your life as a young missionary in China, you know then, better than we, the mind and heart of the first missionaries to this Island. You likewise were placed at the head of the College of the Propaganda at Rome, whose sons are to-day laboring in the vineyard of the Lord and Church all over the world, you know what true priestly and Apostolic ideals are, and how necessary for the true exaltation of Cross and Altar.

Am I not right, therefore, in feeling and saying that the vision of 1613 in France and on this Island has been more than fulfilled in 1913, on this day?

When, therefore, as High Priest, Your Excellency raises up the Eucharistic King in thanksgiving for the blessings of this day, and the three centuries that it closes, pray also for even more abundant graces upon the century to come. May the Holy Cross, symbol in wood, metal or stone, and the title "Holy Redeemer," symbol in language, both remain forever on Mt. Desert Island, with all the ideals they represent for the glory of the Holy Redeemer, the exaltation of Holy Church, the worship of the One True God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be praise, honor and glory, forever, Amen.

St. Sylvia.

The stranger who for the first time visits Bar Harbor in the year of Our Lord 1913, if he be a Catholic of the true type, is not long here before he seeks the church. He is pleased as he enters the inviting door of the Church of the Holy Redeemer. The imposing facade, the massive walls, cleanly and well buttressed; the turreted tower; all this and more of the exterior is neatly framed by the smooth lawn. He is quite pleased, but he is not surprised. The general air of prosperity in Bar Harbor, the trimness of everything, leads him to suppose that this has been a community of slow growth. Its history must be quite respectable, as to time; for surely this cannot be a town of yesterday, but must have existed at least a century. Therefore it is not surprising if the church in neatness and solidity should correspond to its setting as the summer gem of Catholic New England.

But he is not so much impressed by the interior of the church. It is spacious and sufficiently lofty; but it is quite evident that the architect was not a Catholic, for there is an absence of that religious suggestiveness so common in churches designed by men of lively faith. That, however, is a comment which applies to many of the churches of our age and country. But the Lord is there! all other thoughts fade as mist in the sunshine. He bends before the Holy Redeemer, the Light of the World; for He that fashioned the dome of the universe to crown His temple, is pleased to receive the homage of the soul in the humblest chapel of the world. Though His suitable temple is not built by human hand, yet there is a sanctuary which he craves: it is found wherever man exists—"Son, give Me thy heart."

Our pilgrim stranger, having finished his devout interview with the Holy Redeemer, begins to explore, and thus soon finds himself in the basement chapel. Here he meets an old friend who tells him that this is known as the Chapel of St. Sylvia. The pews, the stations of the cross, the altar, the fine painting above the altar, in fact all the special furnishings which distinguish this basement chapel from the commodious church above have been taken from the old Church of St. Sylvia, the first Catholic church of Bar Harbor. Thus and here are pre-

served the religious traditions of the island. But what is the history of this church which you call old in this new land? Who was St. Sylvia? and how came she to be the patroness in this island of St. Sauveur?

His friend tries to answer the stranger, that a laudable curiosity might be satisfied. Previous to 1881 Bar Harbor was occasionally visited by the pastor of St. Joseph's Church of Ellsworth, the Rev. John Coffey; for this was a portion of his mission. Sometimes he celebrated Mass in one of the parlors of the hotels; sometimes he was permitted to use a small school house, situated at the lower end of Keboe street, where the Tallerand now stands. Word was previously sent by messenger to inform the Catholics. Thus fifty to one hundred were gathered at each visit to profit by the presence of the priest. But in 1880, or about that time, a movement to erect a suitable place of worship was started. The most prominent and active in this movement were Dr. Hasket Derby of Boston, and Mr. De Grasse Fox of Philadelphia. These well known gentlemen met immediate success. Mr. Fox offered a pleasing site for the proposed church, on Keboe street, just above the Malvern Hotel. A noted architect, (I regret that I cannot recall his name), agreed to draw the plan as his gift to the enterprise. And so with zeal and enthusiasm the scheme won favor. The Indians, the working girls and men, rich and poor, contributed; and the actual work of construction began in the fall of 1880.

Shortly after, Father Coffey was withdrawn from the mission and his position was entrusted to Rev. Thomas F. Butler. The new pastor arrived in Ellsworth on Saturday, May 14, 1881. Not many days after, both these priests visited Bar Harbor. They found the new church on Keboe street nearly, but not quite, completed. Therefore the little flock were assembled in the large parlor of the Grand Central Hotel; and Mass was celebrated there. But when the church was ready, Bishop Healy sent Rev. Father Madan, an English priest who was then a visitor in the diocese in search of health from the bracing air of Maine, to have temporary charge of Catholic interests in Bar Harbor. He remained there for one season, and by his zeal and devotion won the respect of all who knew him. He began his career as a companion of Mons. Capel in the cause of education in London, and ended as a missionary in some island of Oceanica. What a devout life story could be written between these two incidents. It is written by the recording angel. There let it rest for the eye of God. But one chapter deals with his work in the Church of St. Sylvia. He organized the congregation, furnished the essential equipment of the little church, and left all in good order and sweet odour.

On the opening of the season of 1882 Father Butler, the pastor of this missionary territory, took full personal charge of the management of St. Sylvia's; and continued in active administration until the close of the season of 1894; when he was succeeded by the present energetic pastor of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, the Rev. James D. O'Brien. Of course, in the progress of his work his time was divided between the different sections of the mission; but most of the time was devoted to Ellsworth and Bar Harbor, about an equal portion of work and time being given to each of these two places.

But St. Sylvia, what of St. Sylvia? We may consider the edifice itself, or the congregation, or the influence emanating from both. The edifice: When one sought the Church of St. Sylvia, he was obliged to ascend part way towards the brow of a hill overlooking the plain of Bar Harbor proper. This hill is known as Scott's Hill. It reclines beneath Green Mountain, as if it typified the guardian of the town before it, ever in watchful repose, looking towards the changeful ocean, as if to contemplate at once and to protect. At its throat it wears an ornament, a sort of cameo suitable for an angel, the Church of St. Sylvia. The foliage round about acting as the garments of the figure in repose; the silence, not found elsewhere there; the style, the character, the very name of the church; all contributed to a pleasing harmony.

The Church of St. Sylvia was built entirely of wood, save the stone foundation; and it was supported by a series of upright beams, or posts. Its front elevation was modest, but inviting. Its depth, however, became more imposing as one traveled around it outside; for it rested on the sloping breast of the hill. As it was nearly surrounded by trees, matins were sung in its presence each morning by the feathered choir which God had provided and taught. But if its exterior was inviting its interior was captivating—"the beauty of the king's daughter is all from within." There was nothing grand about it, in the ordinary sense of the word. Indeed that was its special charm. There was no affection of importance, or striving for effect: even its architecture was unassuming. There was scarcely any paint; simply stain, oil, and varnish. And yet, in the absence of all those things that are commonly considered necessary for the beauty of an edifice, it had a charm all its own that appealed to mind and heart. One felt that it was planned for the scene and the purpose of its existence: and so, no doubt, it was. It belonged there; just as the tree, the flower, and the graveled walk. It was scrupulously clean, well ventilated and sufficiently lighted. As one entered his attention was at once fixed by the sanctuary lamp swinging from the arch before the altar, for there was nothing to distract. And the

light within responds to the light without, "Come, let us adore." After the prayer is ended one looks about. The only ornaments are the essential objects of devotion for any Catholic church. The altar, plain and neat, is surmounted by an oil painting of St. Sylvia. Then there are three statues, St. Joseph, Our Lady of Lourdes, and the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. These, with the stations of the Cross, complete the decorative equipment of the little sylvan sanctuary.

There were six altar candlesticks and two crucifixes, all carved in wood by Meyer the famous actor of the part of Christus in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. These were presented by Dr. Hasket Derby of Boston. The stations of the Cross were in oil and painted in Italy. These were presented by the Misses Iasigi of Boston. The picture of St. Sylvia was presented by Mrs. Matthews of Boston. This was also from Italy. All these gifts were executed expressly for this church.

When Father Butler took charge of the church it had no pews, but was supplied with chairs throughout, and it had a seating capacity of two hundred and fifty. Its original cost was twenty-five hundred dollars. And it was so admired by master builders that its picture was published in the *Architects' and Builders' Magazine* as a splendid illustration of what could be done for so small a sum. It had then a debt of eight hundred dollars, but in a few years this debt was paid; and the attendance had so increased that the pastor felt encouraged to remodel and enlarge the building. In this work he had the contractor cut the church in the center, remove to the extremity of the lot the part having the altar, and build in between to unite both ends. At the same time he had both wings built to harmonize: it was not so before. The vestry was removed to the basement, just beneath the altar. In all this change the front remained unaltered; so that while the church appeared the same to the eye of the onlooker, its capacity was really doubled. Pews were introduced, and it would now accommodate five hundred persons seated, the largest seating capacity of any church edifice in the town. Later still a new vestry was added, the floor of which was on the same plane as that of the church. This had a stove and chimney, also an altar, and was large enough to accommodate seventy-five to one hundred persons at Mass in the Winter. In all this the pastor was his own architect. I am sure he was pleased to find that all were satisfied with the changes made. So much for the building. Now what of the congregation?

The congregation of the Church of St. Sylvia was at first composed nearly entirely of maids and men of work employed about the town. The families of means and position who at-

tended then were rather few. But these latter have increased in number as time advanced. The quality of the attendants at St. Sylvia's, however, cannot be surpassed by that of any congregation in the country. They are devoutly intelligent and intelligently devout. By that I mean that to them everything human has its religious aspect; that alone counts; for they thoroughly believe that "without faith, 'tis impossible to please God." Hence the importance of faith, if one be honest; and they are thoroughly honest.

The influence of the presence of St. Sylvia's is felt first in the fact that it draws to Bar Harbor a large number of the very best Catholics in the United States. These would not come if there were no church here. Secondly it demonstrates to the others, whether natives or visitors, what real Catholicity is, as illustrated in the lives of its true children. As one result of this influence, it may be worth mentioning, the open hostility to the presence of such a church in this community, plainly evident at first, has now entirely disappeared. Now all are glad that we are here.

We may here imagine the narrator turning to the visitor and saying, "Well, are you satisfied? Have I told you all you wish to know of St. Sylvia?" "You have been very kind and painstaking with me indeed," returns the stranger. "I really don't like to bother you too much. But there are still two questions I would like to ask. Simply these; who was St. Sylvia? and why was she chosen as patroness of the first church here? I should have rather expected the title which the new church bears." "Ah! I had forgotten to tell you. Sylvia was the name of the mother of Pope Gregory the Great. She lived at the end of the sixth, and at the opening of the seventh, century. She was a holy woman; but I cannot give you the details of her life. It was partly through the influence of Mr. Fox that the name was chosen for the church. He loved the name Sylvia. For it was honored in his family. I believe it was borne by his grandmother, his mother, and his daughter. In recognition of his generosity, Bishop Healy was pleased to accept the name.

It might be of interest to add that during its existence St. Sylvia's Church has had many distinguished visitors. Aside from men of state and of letters, many Bishops have come here, have offered the Holy Sacrifice, and have preached. Among the latter were Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop Ryan, Archbishop Kenrick, Bishop McGovern, Bishop Healy, and our present Bishop Walsh, happily ruling. The church has been abundantly blessed in its people and in its work. All these it reverently places at the feet of Our Holy Redeemer. St. Sylvia has gone; the Redeemer has come. "The King is dead: long live the King."

From Sainte Croix to Saint Saveur.

De Mont's friend and associate Baron de Poutrincourt had in the Summer of 1604 settled on the shore of beautiful Port Royal now Annapolis. He had obtained from De Monts a grant conferring on him the surrounding country. Did he remain here during the succeeding winter or pass over to Sainte Croix does not appear; however whether among the suffering colonists at Sainte Croix, or in his log cabin on the rising lands about Port Royal basin we know that he must have keenly felt the privations of their first winter in the western world.

After having welcomed Pontgravé on his return from France, De Monts and the surviving members of his party bade adieu to Sainte Croix in the Summer of 1605 and betook themselves to what seemed the more hospitable surroundings at Port Royal.

Here they bade farewell to De Monts on his departure for France late in the fall of 1605; here they passed the winter of 1605-06, filled with privations it is true, but nevertheless enlivened by the presence of that prince of good fellows, and general all around entertainer, Marc Lescarbot, who had the preceding Summer arrived from France. The various disasters which had overtaken the colony had necessitated the return of De Monts to France where he found strong influences at work against him which eventually resulted in the loss of Royal favor.

The French merchants had just began to enjoy the fruits of the growing trade in fish and furs which the adventurous traders were constantly bringing into France from the new world where it is said some two or more thousand vessels yearly betook themselves either for the cod fisheries or the fur trade. When Henry IV granted De Monts a monopoly of this vast and growing trade, the merchants found their profits curtailed and their bartering all but ruined.

To the mercantile interests at stake brought to bear on the King, should be added those of Religion. The Catholic Church had long reigned supreme in France. Notwithstanding the efforts put forth by the so-called reformers and the fact that the Huguenots had through the Edict of Nantes obtained a certain

influence and standing in the realm. the great majority of the people still clung to the religion of their ancestors. It was therefore perfectly natural that the opening up of a new world to civilization should find the children of the Church eager to present her claims alone to the untutored savage in the western wilds; there was no desire on their part to see the religious struggles which had so afflicted their country transferred to their future colonies. Hence care had been taken by Henry IV in his grant to De Monts to expressly state, that while French protestants might enjoy the services of their Huguenot ministers, the conversion of the natives was to be the work of the Catholic missionaries.

De Monts found himself unable to stem the rapidly rising tide of these various and potent influences brought to bear on the king and while he had personally endeavored to observe the letter of his grant, he found in 1607 that the royal favor was no longer his. He had already expended over $100,000 on his colony, but with his trade monopoly withdrawn, he was no longer equal to the task of maintaining it, so that late in Autumn of 1607 he reluctantly called on the members of his little settlement to bid farewell to Port Royal and Sainte Croix, to the scenes of their trials and privations, to the graves of their friends and return to France where they arrived at St. Malo in October 1607.

An interval of three years now intervenes ere another expedition comes to reoccupy the abandoned villages. Jean de Biencourt's affections still clung to the sloping hillsides at Port Royal. By dint of perseverance he managed to have his claims sanctioned by royal grant, but it was only after more than three years that he found himself in readiness to sail anew on Feb. 10, 1610 from Dieppe for what was still for him the promising haven of Port Royal.

Biencourt's sailing from Dieppe, Feb. 10, 1610 for New France marks the entrance of new factor into American affairs, —the Society of Jesus which in the lives of its remarkable and truly Apostolic men has written its records high up along the shores of American history.

When Poutrincourt had, in 1607 obtained from Henry IV the confirmation of his privileges as Lord of Port Royal, the king had expressly stipulated that he should take with him on his return some members of the Jesuit Society to labor for the conversation of the savages. The head of the Society at this time was Claude Aquaviva, the renowned and worthy successor of its Sainted founder, Ignatius Loyola.

The king requested his confessor, Fr. Coton, S. J. to ask Fr. Aquaviva to designate two members of his society for missionary work among the savages of New France. The choice of the Superior General fell on Father Peter Biard and Ennemond

Massé men who must ever be associated with the beginnings of the Church in Maine. The Society of Jesus had but recently been restored to favor in France; its enemies were numerous, and among them we may reckon Jean de Biencourt, Baron Poutrincourt, who while at least nominally a Catholic, evidently determined that no member of the hated society should reach his colony. On one pretext or another, he managed to delay their departure until the beginning of 1611. It was in 1607 that they had been designated for the distant missions, but so adroit was Poutrincourt in his many excuses and delays that our missionaries appeared no nearer their promised goal as year after year passed by.

Baron de Poutrincourt evidently found much difficulty in interesting men of means in his projects, but he finally succeeded with one Thomas Robin de Coulogne who furnished the capital necessary to meet the expenses of the expedition; yet it was only on the 25th of Feb. 1610 that he sailed from Dieppe. Though repeatedly commanded by the king and others high in authority to allow Frs. Biard and Massé to accompany him, he nevertheless slipped away from them taking with him instead Fr. Fléché, a secular priest from the diocese of Langres, thus clearly showing his hostility to the Jesuits.

That estimable lady destined to such prominence in their affairs, the Marchioness de Guercheville now appeared on the scene.

Antoinette de Pons was first maid of honor to the Queen. Remarkable for her comeliness and beauty, her virtuous life at the court of Henry III had placed her in a class by herself, and we are in truth surprised on finding in such licentious surroundings, piety so solid, and devotion to duty so marked. A widow early in life, Antoinette had many suitors for her hand: wearied with their assiduous attention she retired to her chateau at Roche Guyon on the banks of the Seine where she married her 2nd husband, the Duke de la Rochefocalt Liancourt, governor of Paris with whom she again returned to court. Henry IV in presenting her to Marie de Medicis as maid of honor said "Madame, I give you as a lady of honor, one who is the soul of honor." She was already familiar with the exercises of Ignatius Loyola; she was deeply interested in the foreign missions and had followed the footsteps of the Jesuits in their heroic efforts for the conversion of the Infidels and unbelievers, and as the reports of existing conditions in New France were being daily considered at Court, she longed to see the zeal, the self sacrifice, the devotedness of the Society of Jesus recognized and its members given an opportunity to labor for the honor and glory of God in Acadia.

To render her plans more effective, she visited Pons and sought out De Monts who had in a way been compensated by

appointment as governor of his native city. He was still suffering from the losses incurred in his American venture, and as he looked back to the dismal days of the winter of 1604-05 at Sainte Croix, he became reconciled to relinquish for a nominal consideration all claims to the vast domain conferred on him by Henry IV, so that a trade was easily made whereby the title to half a continent passed from De Monts to the Marchioness de Guercheville.

Poutrincourt as we remember, accompanied by his son Biencourt, Robin de Coulogne, Jacques de Salazar, Bilot de Montfort, de Jouy, a party of laborers and Father Fléché after having evaded Frs. Biard and Massé, had sailed Feb. 25, 1610 for New France. Realizing that his thus stealing away, would not be pleasing to the Court, he was more than anxious to make good. In order that it might be clearly shown that the Jesuits were not needed at Port Royal he hastened the work of conversation among the Indians, and had the famous chief, Membertou, his family and several others baptized on the feast of St. John the Baptist 1610. He hurried his son Biencourt off to France ostensibly for additional supplies but in reality to report the great progress of religion among the natives.

Leaving Port Royal, July 8, 1610 with the list of 21 conversions, he reached France in due time, only to learn of the assassination of Henry IV which had taken place May 4th, 1610, and to find the government in the hands of Marie de Medicis. To her he made known the triumphs of the faith, spoke of the Apostolic zeal of Father Fléché, and held out most fruitful promises for the future. Marie de Medicis while listening to his glowing tales of success, plainly indicated that the will of the departed king must be carried out and that he must without fail take the two Jesuits with him on his return to Port Royal. Biencourt had not expected this result; however like his father, apparently acquiescing he still trusted that he would be able to slip away without the Jesuits.

The date of his departure was fixed for October 27th; Frs. Biard and Massé were on hand, but as usual they found the old tactics yet in force: nothing was ready; various excuses were offered. Lacking funds, Biencourt and Robin had made some kind of a deal with two Calvinist merchants, Dujardin and Duquesne to furnish the funds necessary for the expedition but when the traders learned that the Jesuits were to accompany the party, notwithstanding the orders of the Queen regent, the intervention of the governor of Dieppe, and the pretended pleadings of Biencourt and Robin, the merchants were firm in their refusal to allow the Jesuits to go. Goods to the value of over 4,000 livres were already on board the ship, a sum greater than Biencourt and Robin could have raised had they so wished which in truth was not the case.

The opportune moment for Antoinette de Pons had now come; her standing among her friends at court was such that she had little difficulty in raising the amount required to clear the claims of the Dieppe traders, thus becoming the real patroness of the venture, thereby enabling Frs. Biard and Massé, though most unwelcome guests, to sail with Biencourt and Robin for Acadia, January 22, 1611.

On the eve of their departure for the new world, Father Biard addressed the following letter to their Superior General at Rome, Father Aquaviva.

"Dieppe, January 21st, 1611.

My Very Reverend Father,

The peace of Christ be with you.

Would that I could recount how great, and numerous have been the mercies of God, the fruits of his blessings and of our prayers in this our little enterprise; that is to say how we have emerged from grave and multiplied difficulties, and how delivered from every obstacle, we depart for New France, the place to which we are bound, as your reverence knows. For this you may rejoice with great consolation in the name of the Lord. But it has already struck midnight, and we are to sail at break of day, so I shall give you only a summary of the events which have taken place.

When the heretic merchants saw us at Dieppe, upon the day fixed for our departure the 27th of October of last Year, 1610 (we had, in fact, agreed to sail from Dieppe), they contrived a plan which they considered capable of injuring us. Two of them made a contract with Monsieur de Poutrincourt to load and equip his ship in which we were to take passage. They straightway declared that they would have nothing more to do with the vessel, if it were going to carry any Jesuits. It was a remarkable exhibition of malice, and was easy to prove, especially when the Catholics informed them that they were in duty bound not to reject the Jesuits, since it was the formal order of the Queen.

However nothing could be gained from them, and the Catholics were again obliged to have recourse to the Queen. Her Majesty writes to the governor of the city, a zealous and pious Catholic, and charges him to inform the heretics that it is her will that the Jesuits be received in the ship which is about to depart for New France, and that no obstacle be put in their way.

These letters were received, the governor assembles what is called the consistory, namely all faithful disciples of Calvin. He reads the Queen's letters and urges them to be obedient. Some of them, namely, those who were well disposed towards us, boldly declare that they are of the same opinion; and they try to induce the merchants to yield. But they declare that for their part they are not masters. At least they say this in public;

but in private one of the merchants who was charged with fitting out the vessel, protested that he would put nothing in it; that the queen, if she wished, could deprive him of his right but that he certainly would not yield otherwise.

What was to be done? In truth all proceedings were at a standstill; for this society had no written contract, since agreements of this kind among noblemen are not usually put on paper. Therefore they could not prosecute these heretics. They address themselves anew to the Queen. In the presence of such effrontery she quoted the words of the proverb: "Never stoop to entreat a churl," and added that the Fathers should go another time. The dismayed Catholics then declared to the heretics that the Jesuits will not embark upon their vessel, and that consequently they may go on freighting it, and that, in any event, if the Jesuits did occupy a place therein, they themselves would pay the price of the cargo.

This assurance once given, the malice of these Calvinists was exposed in all its nakedness; for they immediately loaded every part of the ship not only with merchandise, but with all kinds of goods, never dreaming that the Catholics would be able to find the means of paying for all these things.

At this news, the marchioness de Gurcheville, first lady of honor to the Queen, was indignant at seeing the forces of hell prevail, and the malice of wicked men destroy one's strong hopes of securing the glory of God. Therefore in order to prevent the triumph of Satan and the overthrow of their hopes of founding a church in Canada, she herself solicited alms from Nobles, Princes, and from all the Court, to rescue the Jesuits from the malevolence of the heretics.

What happened? The ship already loaded, was about to sail, when this lady sent to the Catholics 4.000 livres with other means of assistance. Then not to be underhand, they go directly to the heretics and say they want the Jesuits to go with them, that such is the will of the Queen, and so consequently they must allow them to embark, or else the merchants must accept the price of the cargo and withdraw. The latter declare that they want the value of their merchandise. (I believe that they did not think that the Catholics would have enough money, or else they hoped to baffle them by some other means.) They gave them the price they asked; and what no one could have expected, we so completely take their place, that half the ship belongs to us, and we have already means enough to begin laying the foundations which the Lord in His generosity and goodness will condescend to bless.

So now, my Very Reverend and good Father, you see how entirely the malice of the evil one and his tools has been turned to our advantage. At first we only asked a little corner in this vessel at their price. Now we are masters of it. We are

going into a dreary wilderness without much hope of permanent help; and we have already received enough to begin laying the foundation. We were to enrich heretics by a portion of our alms; and now they, of their own accord, refuse to profit by an occasion which was to benefit them.

Now I believe that the great source of their grief is nothing else than the triumph of the Lord Jesus; and may heaven grant that he always triumph! Amen!

Dieppe, January 21, 1611.

Of Your Reverence,

The son and unworthy servant in Jesus Christ,

PIERRE BIARD, S. J.

Fathers Biard and Massé sailed from Dieppe for Port Royal January 26th, 1611 in a small vessel of about 60 tons burden, called "The Grace of God." Their voyage was long and tempestuous and their destination was reached only after about four months passed at sea, the day of their landing being the festival of Pentecost, May 22, 1611.

In a long and interesting letter written to the Jesuit superior Provincial at Paris Father Baltazar after expressing their gratitude for their safe arrival, mentions a few of the many difficulties which they encountered on their way to America, difficulties which we may well remember were endured by our forefathers on their passage to the new world.

Recounting their trials, Father Biard in his letter to Father Baltazar says, "We had only two days of favorable winds; on the third day we suddenly found ourselves carried, by contrary winds and tides, to within a hundred or two hundred paces of the breakers of the Isle of Wight, in England; and it was fortunate for us that we found good anchorage there, for otherwise we certainly should have been lost.

Leaving this place we put in at Hyrmice, and then at Newport; by which we lost eighteen days. The 16th of February, the first day of lent, a good northwester arising allowed us to depart, and accompanied us out of the English Channel. Now mariners, in coming to Port Royal are not accustomed to take the direct route from the Ouessant island to Cape Sable, which would lessen the distance, for in this way, from Dieppe to Port Royal, there would be about one thousand leagues; but they are in the habit of going South as far as the Azores, and from there to the great bank, thence, according to the winds, to strike for Cape Sable or Campseaux, or elsewhere. They told us that they go by way of the Azores for three reasons: first, in order to avoid the north sea which is very stormy, they say; second, to make use of the south winds, which usually

prevail there; third, to be sure of their reckonings, for otherwise it is difficult to take their bearings and arrange their route without error.

But none of these causes affected us, although we followed this custom. Not the first for we were so tossed about by tempests and high seas, that I do not think we gained much by going north or south, south or north; nor the second, because often when we wanted the South, the North wind blew, and vice versa; and certainly not the third, inasmuch as we could not even see the Azores, although we went down as far as 39° 30′."

"We were near these Azores on Tuesday of Easter week, when suddenly we became a prey to our sworn foe, the West wind which was so violent and so obstinate that we very nearly perished. For eight entire days it gave us no quarter, its vindictiveness being augmented by cold and sometimes by rain or snow.

In taking this route to New France, so rough and dangerous, especially in small and badly equipped boats, one experiences the sum total of all the miseries of life. We could rest neither day nor night. When we wished to eat, a dish suddenly slipped from us and struck somebody's head. We fell over each other and against the baggage, and thus found ourselves mixed up with others who had been upset in the same way; cups were spilled over our beds, and bowls in our laps, or a big wave demanded our plates.

I was so highly honored by Monsieur de Biencourt as to share his cabin. One fine night, as we were lying in bed, trying to get a little rest, a neat and impudent wave bent our window fastenings, broke the window, and covered us over completely; we had the same experience again during the day. Furthermore the cold was so severe, and continued to be so for more than six weeks, that we lost all sensation from numbness and exposure. Good Father Massé suffered a great deal. He was ill about forty days eating very little and seldom leaving his bed; yet notwithstanding all that, he wanted to fast. After Easter he continued to improve, thank God, more and more. As for me, I was gay and happy, and, by the grace of God, was never ill enough to stay in bed even when several of the sailors had to give up.

After escaping from these trials, we entered the ice at the Azores of the bank 46° degrees north latitude. Some of these masses of ice seemed like islands, others, little villages, others, grand churches or lofty domes or magnificent castles: all were floating. To avoid them we steered towards the south; but this was falling as they say from Charybdis into Scylla, for from these high rocks we fell into a level field of low ice, with which the sea was entirey covered as far as eye could reach.

We did not know haw to steer through it; and had it not been for the fearlessness of M. de Biencourt, our sailors would have been helpless; but he guided us out, notwithstanding the protests of many of them, through a place where the ice was more scattered and God, in His goodness, assisted us."

It was on the 10th of June 1611 that Father Biard penned the above to his Superior at Paris, giving besides the details of his voyage already quoted, some faint idea of his life and work both among the colonists at Port Royal and the savages in the surrounding forests. On the following day June 11, he addressed a short note to Father Aquaviva at Rome, which while brief, shows the apostolic spirit of the missionary.

PORT ROYAL, June 11, 1611.

My Very Reverend Father,

The peace of Christ be with you.

After four months of very painful and perilous navigation, we have at last arrived, thanks to the protection of God and the prayers of Your Reverence, at Port Royal, in New France, the end of our journey.

In truth we left Dieppe the 26th of January this year, 1611, and arrived May 22nd of this same year. I am giving the Reverend Father Provincial the narrative in French of our whole undertaking, and this seemed to me more necessary and useful, as it was impossible for me to write it at the same time in Latin. I have not yet been settled a week in Port Royal, and all the time has been taken up by continual interruptions and in providing the necessities of life. As for ourselves, Father Massé and I, we are feeling very well, thank God, but we have been obliged to take a servant to do the drudgery. We could not dispense with one, without a great deal of anxiety and trouble.

M. de Poutrincourt, who commands here in the name of the king, loves and esteems us in proportion to his piety. We shall take the first opportunity to impart to you what may be by the grace of God, our prospects of success in this country. The ship has already gone. I shall be obliged to overtake it in a canoe, that it may not leave without my letters.

I conjure Your Reverence, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to remember us and these solitary lands, and to come to our aid in so far as you are able, not only by fervent prayers of our society, but also by the blessing and favor of our Holy Father the Pope (which I have already invoked). Surely we sow in great poverty and in tears; may the Lord grant that we some day may reap in joy. Which will come to pass, as I hope and have said through the prayers and blessings of Your Reverence, which are humbly solicited by your unworthy son and servant,

PIERRE BIARD, S. J.

Since the part taken by the Jesuit Fathers in the early history of our country and in particular in that of our own State of Maine, was so prominent, we have felt it necessary to quote from their writings at length in order that we might grasp the situation and realize in part at least the obstacles they had to encounter both in their endeavor to get away from France and their passage across the stormy Atlantic to the Acadian shores. It is not our purpose at present to give in detail the story of their struggles at Port Royal from the day of their landing in May 1611 to the moment of their departure in the early Summer of 1613 for the establishment of a colony where they might live and work under more favorable auspices than existed at Port Royal where their presence as is amply evident was only tolerated.

The reception accorded them on their arrival would seem to indicate that they were welcome, but with the departure of Baron de Poutrincourt for France in June following their arrival, and the assumption of authority by his son Biencourt, soon presaged the beginning of the many difficulties which finally caused them to practically withdraw from the settlement. However bitter may have been their differences with Biencourt, they did not for a moment lose sight of their work and mission among the savages. In the fall of 1611 Father Biard in company with Biencourt journeyed along the coast as far as the Kennebec carefully examining the various points which seemed to offer a good location for a future colony. The one which appears to have appealed to him most was Kadesquit on the Penobscot, now Castine. Here he landed early in November and visited a village which he thus describes in his report sent from Port Royal to the Rev. Father Provincial on the last day of January 1612. "At the confluence of these two rivers there was the finest assemblage of Savages that I have yet seen. There were 80 canoes and a boat, 18 wigwams and about 300 people. The most distinguished Sagamore was called Betsabes, a man of great distinction and prudence; and I confess we often see in these Savages natural and graceful qualities which will make anyone but a shameless person blush, when they compare them with the greater part of the French who come over here."

That this letter was carefully considered by the Father Provincial and Madame de Guercheville seems certain, as the sequence of our narrative will show.

Father Biard's stay at Kadesquit was a most consoling and enjoyable one. There was no doubt as to the hospitality of the natives who made every possible effort to welcome their visitors. "When they recognized us," writes Father Biard to the Rev. Father Superior, in the same letter above quoted, "there was great joy and all began to dance and sing. We had no fear

of them, for we trusted the Etchemins and Souriquois as much as our own servants, and thank God we were not often deceived. On the following day I visited the savages, and the same ceremonies were gone through with as on the Kennebec. I went around to see the sick, and read the gospel and recited prayers over them, giving each a cross to wear. I found one poor wretch who had been ill for four months and who was stretched out near the fire. The death sweat was already on his forehead. Two days afterwards I saw him in his canoe sound and healthy. He came out to the ship to thank me, and to show me the cross around his neck. I could only shake hands with him, for I was unable to speak his language, and even if I were, there was such a turmoil around us, for the trafficking was going on, that we could not have heard each other.

Such was the result of our visit. We had not done much preaching of the Gospel, but we were beginning to know and be known. The Indians were growing accustomed to religious things, and when we said Mass in the woods they would stand around in respectful silence. They were as pleased as the little boys at Port Royal whom we made carry the cross, or torches, or the holy water, when we went in procession at the Indian interments."

The party returned to Port Royal, thoroughly convinced that Kadesquit on the Penobscot was the one place along the coast where the Jesuits should begin their work. Full explanations were accordingly despatched to France where under the leadership of the zealous Marchionesse de Guercheville, work was at once begun on the fitting out of what was designed to be a distinctly Catholic colony, for thus they thought the various difficulties encountered at Sainte Croix and Port Royal would be avoided.

Awaiting the result of the efforts made in their behalf in France, Frs. Biard and Massé continued to live in and about Port Royal in bondage as it were during the winter of 1611 and 1612. That they did not go any great distance from the place is evidenced by their letters to their friends at home. With their frequent letters at hand we are at a loss to account for that rather interesting tradition which assigns them a residence in the Cranberry Isles just oceanward from the Mount Desert shore at a place called "The Pool." Here Whittier places them in his poetic romance of "Mogg Megone" when he unveils before us the picture of their humble home and its beautiful surroundings. His portrait is so vivid that we cannot forbear placing it before our readers even though it is apparently a mere poetic fiction.

"Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie,—
Gems of the waters! with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
.....
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air.

The scene is a beautiful one, and we would that it were founded on something more solid that the romance of our New England poet. By some historians is supposed that Frs. Biard and Massé settled here as early as 1609 or perhaps 1608 between great Cranberry and Lancaster Islands. Even Williamson Vol. 1, page 206 says: "It is supposed the place of residence selected by the missionaries was on the western side of the Pool—a part of the sound which stretches from the southeasterly side of the heart of the Island. Here they constructed and fortified an habitation, planted a garden, and dwelt five years; entering with great zeal and untiring perseverance upon the work of converting the natives to Christianity."

It is possible that they may have tarried here for a time, that they may have reared their rude hut "beneath the sea-worn cliff," but if such were the case, we have to remember that it was only on the 26th of January 1611 that our two Jesuit Fathers were able to leave France for America, and as we have their time practically accounted for during the summer of 1611 and Father Biard writing from Port Royal the last day of January 1612, we easily see that their stay off Mount Desert must have been, if at all, during the Summer of 1612, when as it is not improbable, they were anxiously looking forward to the coming of the Kadesquit expedition early in the Spring of 1613.

Obituary

Mrs. Catherine O'Donnell, Lewiston.

On June 30th occurred the death of Mrs. Catherine O'Donnell, one of the oldest and most respected of the daughters of St. Joseph's Parish of Lewiston, Maine. She was born in Ireland (County Kerry) in 1826. She came to Lewiston in 1847. Her maiden name was Catherine Mangan. Here she met and was married to Patrick O'Donnell, a young and enterprising contractor who came here to dig and open up the canal, to construct the Continental Mill, and to do other work of similar character. For this purpose he gathered here the first large number of his fellow countrymen. Hence he was a pioneer of the Irish race in this section. The young couple were married at Augusta in 1850 by Reverend Father O'Reilley, for there was no priest here at that early period. God blessed their union, and six children were born to them. Of these, two were boys. These both died young; the second after being graduated from our high school. The four daughters lived to marry. Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy (wife of James S., of Boston), Mrs. T. J. Murphy (of this city), Mrs. Catherine Plummer, and Mrs. James A. Walsh, were these daughters.

The O'Donnell home was peaceful and happy 'till death took the father in 1863. In the early days the clergy sought and found hospitality there. And it was a cherished memory of Mrs. O'Donnell that the first and last visit of Bishop Bacon was made to her home. From the building of St. Joseph's Church up to the time of her death, she was constantly a devout daughter. She, and others like her who brought with them the pure and strong faith of their native land, made, controlled, and enlivened the Catholic history of this parish and town. The fruit of such lives in this world is found in the present prosperity of our Church. The reward is reserved for another world, an eternity of peace and glory. We mourn in their death; but rejoice in their life.

Historical and Magazine Notes

Our September number which will appear in due time, will contain a brief account of the coming of the Church to Mount Desert.

The memorable celebration of the Ter Centenary of this event held at Bar Harbor Aug. the 6th, will be duly recorded.

As we wished to make the September issue a distinctive Ter Centenary number, we have withheld many illustrations which might have appeared in the August magazine.

Concerning this great celebration, we will say at present that it was all that could be desired, and that it stands without parallel in the annals of the Church in Maine.

We respectfully call your attention to the obituary notice appearing in our present number over the signature of The Rev. Thos. F. Butler, P. R., who thus records the passing from this life of a faithful child of Mother Church. The Church in Maine has many members who would be equally deserving of more than a mere passing notice on the occasion of their death. Many there have been in the past who were real pioneers of the Faith in what are now flourishing parishes, and to whose sacrifices, practical virtues, and readiness to profess their faith under most trying circumstances, the present generation is largely indebted. If we seek some few items of information about them to-day, the most that we can find may be perhaps some faint recollection that such and such a one used to live in the place. If you ask what became of them, you are met with the exclamation; Oh, I guess he must be dead. Should you seek further information, you might perhaps visit the local cemetery, the old one at that, where after carefully working your way about among the brias and brambles, the growth of upwards of half a century or so, you finally come upon a tumbled down head stone broken perchance in several pieces: here, after you have carefully put the pieces together, and have patiently studied the remaining inscription long since over grown with the moss

of ages, you finally find that you are beside the grave of John White who was one of the first if not the first Catholic to settle in St. Joseph's parish.

The above is not an imaginary occurrence; it is a fact which happened to the writer only a few days ago. The point I wish to make is this: Now that we have a Catholic Historical Magazine, why not use it in recording the marriages, births, and deaths of our Catholic people. Many may think this trivial perhaps, but they must also be aware of the fact, that whatever is written remains, and while it may not claim any value from a literary standpoint, yet it will be found in libraries, in historical society rooms, etc., long after the knocker who justly consigned the magazine to his waste basket, has been forgotten.

A very timely article appeared in one of our New England papers a few days ago on the subject of "Church Work in Summer." The author drawing a contrast between attendance at protestant services at present and in the days of our forefathers would seem to imply that Church work in our time is in no wise comparable with that of the past.

The serious Sunday of long ago when "even with the thermometer at 100, the customary pews were filled," the Sunday which "father and mother took so seriously" is no longer in vogue.

"It was not thought proper to suspend Sunday school, for the momentum of regular attendance would be lost."

"It is easy in these days of flippant ideas to laugh at the intense older generation. There was iron in the blood then; there was a foundation on which institutions were built to last even if it did make one's backbone as stiff as the old high back pews."

The author goes on to picture the "majority of people of today as eating the dust of the next automobile ahead," as "roasting umpires at the ball game," or roasting "at the resorts," adding, "if this is the best use they can make of Sunday, let them do thus with a clear conscience, and may the Lord be with them."

While there is a world of truth in all that the writer says on the subject in question, we feel that he has not perhaps had the opportunity of visiting some one of our many popular resorts along the coast of Maine or our inland lakes, where on a Sunday morning, he might still witness our good Catholic people yet keeping up the custom of their forefathers by observing the time-honored precept of assistance at Divine services.

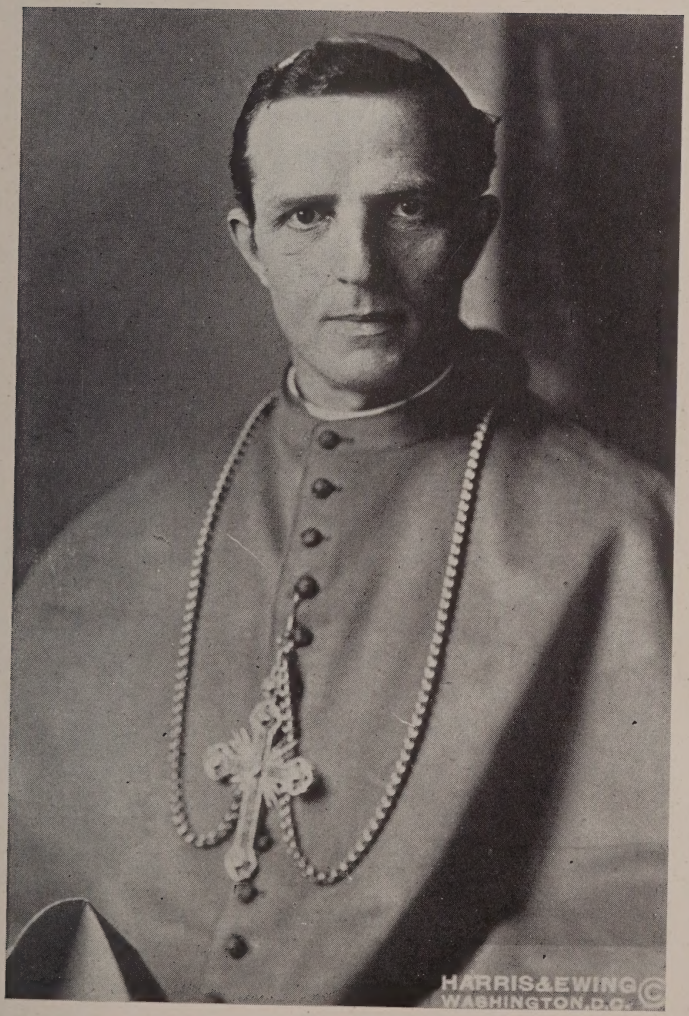
The Summer Chapels along our seaboard beginning at Kittery are many and have been called into being for the sole pur-

pose of satisfying the desire of our people to comply with their religious obligations while on their vacations.

To just name a few of the churches and places where the Holy Sacrifice is offered every Sunday, not only once but often during the Summer Season, we have the Immaculate Conception at York Harbor, the Star of the Sea at York Beach, St. Martha's at Kennebunkport and St. Margaret's at Old Orchard filled many times over on a Sunday morning with devoted worshippers. We then have services on some of the many Islands about beautiful Casco Bay; passing over to the mouth of the Kennebec, we again find our people thronging for the Mass usually offered up at Squirrel Island or in the vicinity.

Going over to Penobscot Bay aptly or fitly termed the "Bay of Naples" on inquiry about services we are told about Belfast, Camden, Castine, and St. Mary-the-Isles at Dark Harbor. Passing on to Mount Desert we find St. Ignatius' at North East Harbor, The Holy Family at Seal Harbor and recently dedicated church of the Holy Redeemer at Bar Harbor.

Thus along our entire coast as well as inland the religious interests of our many faithful Catholic visitors, rusticators, or whatever you may choose to term them, are carefully looked after, hence while many of our separated brethren may with reason lament over their closed churches not only during the Summer season when they are in fact closed, but also over the meager attendance the remainder of the year. We Catholics have reason to feel grateful for the constant interest shown by our people both at home as well as at the pleasure resorts, in keeping up their religious practices.



MOST REV. JOHN BONZANO, D. D.,

Archbishop of Militene,

Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

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Maine Catholic Historical
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